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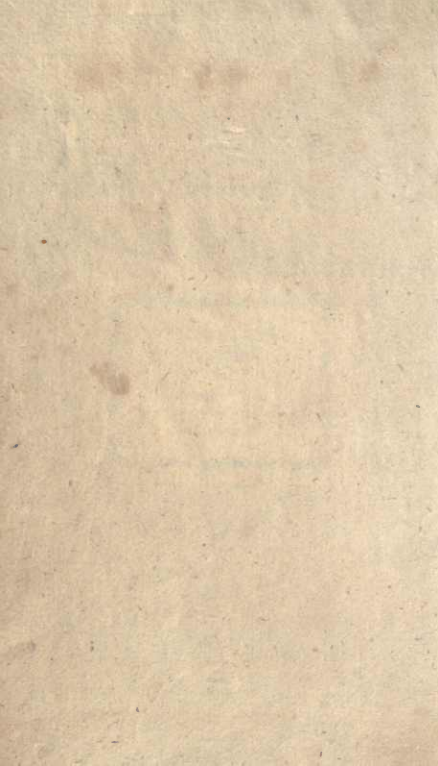
Sibella Anderson  
for Mrs Dr. Sanderson

CHILDREN'S BOOK  
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*Frontispiece to*  
**THE BLUE SILK WORKBAG.**



*E.T. Parris del.*

*Archer sculp.*

*"Maria gave me the Silk & I made it."*

*London. Published by G. Walker, Publisher of Books & Music, 105 & 106 G. Portland Street.*

*Isabella Anderson a present  
from M<sup>rs</sup> D. Sanderson*  
**THE BLUE** 1815.

# **SILK WORK-BAG,**

AND ITS

N. I. BOSWELL

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**BY A LADY.**

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**London:**

**PUBLISHED AND SOLD BY G. WALKER,  
106, GREAT PORTLAND-STREET.**

—  
**1813.**

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**G. Brimmer, Printer, Water-lane, Fleet-street.**

THE BLUE

WINE & SPIRITS

BY A LADY.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY W. & A. GILBERT,  
10, 11, & 12, FLEET STREET.

1816.



Printed by W. & A. Gilbert, 10, 11, & 12, Fleet Street.



*THE BLUE*  
**SILK WORK-BAG,**

*&c. &c.*

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**LUCY DANVILLE** was a very pretty child; but, from her earliest infancy, had always been of a disposition so extremely obstinate and indolent, that when she had completed her ninth year she scarcely knew her letters; she was equally backward with her needle: she could not mark, nor even hem a pocket handkerchief fit to be looked at.

Mrs. Danville had tried various methods to make this obstinate child learn, but they had hitherto been without success; she

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seemed insensible to shame, and unambitious of praise : she had been to five different schools, from each of which she was dismissed in disgrace,—a circumstance which would have been a severe punishment to many children, but it was not any to Lucy. It is true, she was a little afraid of the anger of her papa and mamma, which made her dread the first interview ; but no sooner was that over, than she used to rejoice that she had escaped from the confinement of a school, and would spend the whole day in the nursery, playing with her dolls, building card houses, pricking paper, and all the little amusements of babies of three or four years old.

Lucy had a sister, somewhat more than a twelvemonth younger than herself, named Maria. This little girl had already made her papa half-a-dozen shirts, and was now learning writing, music, drawing, and danc-

ing, and was beside so well behaved, that all who knew her loved and admired her.

It might have been supposed that Lucy would have felt ashamed that her younger sister should so far excel herself; but, no Lucy had no *emulation*. Indeed, she would sometimes look at Maria, while she was drawing flowers, and listen to her while she was reading stories, but without ever expressing the least wish that she could do either herself, and even refused the kind offer of her sister to teach her.

Mr. Danville was so very angry at her stupidity and obstinacy, that he would not allow her to appear before him; while her mamma would often, by the kindest arguments, endeavour to persuade her to learn.

“My dear Lucy,” she would say, “it is in vain that you are placed at the best schools, and have the best instruction, unless you will apply yourself, and try to learn

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what others take so much pains to teach you.—You must see the difference that is made between you and Maria. *She* always comes to the parlour after dinner ; when there is company *she* is sent for ; often when we go out, *she* goes with us. The reason of so much indulgence is, because Maria is a *good* child ; she applies herself with diligence to whatever we wish her to learn, and when in company she does not romp about, nor attempt to take any fruit, but waits till it is given her ; which you may remember you forgot to do the last time your papa permitted you to come down, for you snatched the finest peach there was at the table, and began sucking it without even taking off the rind : a piece of rudeness Maria was never guilty of in her life ; but it is what will prevent your being allowed to appear in company. When you return from school you bring nothing with you but complaints and disgrace, while Maria

always brings home some pretty drawings and work, which we can look at when she is away, and think what a good child she is; but we have nothing of your's to look at, except the note you brought with you from your governess, informing us you were so idle and obstinate that you disgraced the school, and that she was under the necessity of dismissing you, lest your bad example should spoil any of the other scholars."

At this Lucy, who felt greatly ashamed, burst into tears, and begged her mamma to forgive her.

Mrs. Danville kindly took her hand, and continued:—

"The way to obtain the forgiveness of your papa and myself is by turning good, being diligent, and trying to *merit* our favour. I must again mention Maria to you. The other evening, when Mr. De Moncove

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was here, he spoke to her in French, and she answered him without the least hesitation. Think for a moment how *you* would have appeared had you been present, and he had addressed himself to you; you would have been covered with shame and confusion, and every body would have known how ignorant you were. I shall now drop the subject, and promise you, that if you will be good and diligent, you will be as much loved and favoured as Maria is. Will you say that you will *try* to learn?"

Lucy hung down her head, hesitated some minutes, and then, muttering her words so that her mamma could hardly understand her, said, that it was too much trouble to learn, that she hated reading, and would much rather play.

"Is it possible," exclaimed Mrs. Danville, "that any child can be so stupid! I shall now leave you; but this you will find,

that a time will come when you will severely repent your present obstinacy and folly."

She then left the room, and Lucy, without being at all sorry that she had been so naughty, began picking up some cards to build a house with.

When Mr. Danville was informed of Lucy's answer, he determined that as she chose to be a *dunce* she should be one, and that he would no longer pay a great deal of money to have her instructed, when she was too indolent to learn; but he did not choose that she should continue at home, lest her bad example should spoil her little brother and sister.

In consequence of this determination, Lucy was, the following week, sent to a school several miles from town. The governess was informed of her disposition, and had directions that she was *not to learn any thing*.

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When Lucy found that she was again to go to school, she could not help crying, for she had been silly enough to suppose that if she persisted in refusing to learn, that she should be kept at home, and have nothing to do but to play. Her mamma, when she saw her tears, told her that she was going to have her whim indulged, for that she was *not to learn any thing*. On hearing this Lucy wiped her eyes, and said she was very glad of it; for that if she was not obliged to learn, she could be happy even at school.

A very short time convinced this silly child of her mistake, for every day brought some fresh mortification. All the scholars she found were classed, and took their seats on the forms according to the progress they had made in their various studies. These forms were placed each one higher than the other, and were ascended by steps; the highest form was at the back, the lowest



one at the front, and the appearance they presented was like that of the pit at a theatre. On the lowest and front form poor Lucy was ordered to take her seat, among a number of little children, who had not yet been through the Reading Made Easy, none of whom, except herself, was more than five years old. This form was distinguished by the name of the Baby's Form.

It frequently happened that ladies came to speak to the governess about their daughters, and the sight of such a great girl as Lucy sitting among the little children would surprise them so much that they could not forbear inquiring the reason of it; then, as the governess would not tell an untruth, she was obliged to inform them that it was a young lady who was so indolent and obstinate that she would not learn any thing; and that her mamma, who was tired of trying to make her learn, had at last resolved

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that she should be a *dunce*, which was the reason that she sate among the babies.

The ladies were very much shocked and perfectly astonished that any child could be so extremely silly, while Lucy (who now began to be sorry for the choice she had made) would feel so ashamed, that she would cover her face with her hands, to conceal her tears and confusion. This, though a great mortification, was not all she had to endure, for the young ladies (though it certainly was very ill-natured of them) always to each other called her the *Dunce*, and sometimes when they passed her they would say, *Miss Dunce*, but in so low a voice that the teachers did not hear them. It would have been useless for her to have complained; for, as no one heard it but herself, she would have been punished for a tell-tale.

Lucy had not been at school a month before she found herself more tired with doing nothing than she had ever been with

her lessons. She was obliged to sit all the school hours without a book, and without work; she dared not talk, for if she had, she must have stood for an hour on the form with the Fool's-Cap on, or, as it was termed in that school, *The Cap of Disgrace*. After the school hours were over she could not play, for the great girls would not play with her, and she was too proud to play with the little ones; then, as she could not amuse herself with reading or work, and was now completely tired of her dolls, she would very often sit and cry, and wish that she had not been so obstinate; but it was now too late, for when at last she condescended to say that she wished to learn, and would try to improve, the governess informed her that she would not be permitted to do so, and that as she had chosen to be a *dunce*, she must now continue one.

Lucy was so grieved at this that she cried almost the whole day. She would have given

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any thing she had to have seen her mamma, that she might have obtained her forgiveness and permission to learn ; but her tears and wishes were equally vain, for she knew that she should not see her before the end of the half year.

For several days she fretted so much that she almost made herself ill ; but at length she began to reflect, that if she was good and obedient, her mamma would be much better pleased than if she was to cry and be impatient, and perhaps her papa might forgive and permit her to learn to read.— After this reflection, which was a very proper one, she quite left off crying, and tried to shew by her good behaviour how much she repented her former ill conduct ; by this means she gained the favour of the teachers, who, though they might not instruct, yet shewed her many indulgences that she would not otherwise have had.

Midsummer being come, Lucy went

home, and was immediately conducted to the nursery, where she spent the day with her brother Charles, who was four years old, and her sister Jane, who was only two; she neither saw her papa, mamma, nor any of her elder brothers or sisters, the whole day. After dinner she was taken to the parlour with little Charles and Jane; there she saw her other brothers and sisters quite cheerful and happy. Her papa and mamma scarcely spoke to her: they gave her some fruit, and, after she had staid about half an hour, they sent her up to the nursery again, with the little children. Lucy was so grieved at being treated with so much coldness (for she thought that her papa and mamma would now never forgive her) that she desired the nurse to let her go to bed; and then she cried herself to sleep.

The next day Mrs. Danville came into the nursery to see the children, and Lucy, with a great many tears, told her how sorry

she was that she had been so obstinate, and begged her mamma to forgive her and to permit her to learn, and promised that she would always be diligent and attentive.

“I am afraid, Lucy,” said Mrs. Danville, “that your repentance comes too late; your papa is too angry at the time and expence that has already been thrown away on your education, to permit you to try again. I will, however, mention what you say, though I believe your papa, as well as myself, has very little expectation but that you will always be a *dunce*, and a *disgrace* to your family.”

“Oh, mamma!” said Lucy, throwing herself on her knees before her, “do not say such cruel words; indeed I will not be a dunce; indeed I will not disgrace you; only try me once more: pray forgive me.—I am very sorry, indeed I am. Oh! mamma—” She sobbed so violently that she could not say any more, and Mrs. Dan-

ville (who was very much affected, and felt the tears come into her eyes) left the room, saying she would speak to her papa about it.

Lucy found her head ache so much that she could not sit up; and the nurse was so kind as to let her lie down, and tried to comfort her.

In about an hour Maria came into the room, and, going up to her, took her hand in a very affectionate manner. "My dear Lucy," said she, "I have a message to you from papa; I know it will grieve you, but it is papa's message:—shall I tell you? can you bear to hear it?"

"Yes," said Lucy, mournfully, "I will bear it; I deserve it, whatever it is."

Maria, then, with much concern, told her sister, that her papa said, that, as she had for five years obstinately persisted in refusing to learn, he should now refuse to permit her for five more.



“For five more!” said Lucy, “how old shall I be then?”

“Near fifteen.”

“Oh, Maria! what will become of me? near fifteen, and not know how to read.”

Maria was thoughtful for some minutes, and then said, “Perhaps papa has not positively determined that you shall not learn before that time; and if he was to find that you could read a little, he might then give permission that you should be instructed at school, like the other young ladies.”

“But I cannot read at all,” said Lucy, “I only know the letters.”

“Well,” returned Maria, “if you like to try to learn, I will come every day and instruct you as well as I can.—Will you try?”

“Oh, Maria!” said Lucy, blushing, “how good you are! But do you not think that papa would be angry, as he forbids my learning?”



“ I am sure that he would not,” said Maria. “ Papa only refuses your being taught at school, and I think if you were to learn a little while you are at home, it might induce papa to take off the punishment.”

“ If you think so, I shall be very glad to learn; but I have been naughty so long that I am afraid of doing any thing to increase my naughtiness.”

“ You need not be afraid that learning to read will increase it ; for I am certain that it is the only method to restore you to favour.”

After this dialogue Maria left the room, but returned again before dinner to give Lucy her lesson. After hearing her say the letters, she gave her the next lesson, and then proceeded to shew her how to sew.— She pinned her work for her with as much care as if she had only been four years old ; while Lucy, on her part, took all the pains she possibly could to learn.

After a few days instruction, Lucy began to improve very much, which is always the case when children take pains; but when they do not, no improvement can take place, nor ought it to be expected. In less than a month, by the kind instructions of Maria, and her own application, Lucy was enabled to read little stories tolerably well, and to sew and hem very neatly. It is impossible to tell the pleasure she now took in reading, and, had it not been that she was still under the anger of her papa and mamma, she would have felt quite happy; but they were still angry, and she dared not again ask permission to learn. The next week the vacation ended, and she was afraid that she should forget at school all that she had learned at home. In this distress she applied to Maria, and that amiable child thought of an expedient to introduce the subject, though she scarcely dared hope for its success. Her mamma had given her

several pieces of silk and muslin for her doll : among these was a piece of beautiful blue silk, just large enough for a work-bag ; this piece Maria gave to her sister, with some ribbon for strings. Before evening Lucy had made it into a very pretty work-bag ; she shewed it to Maria, who was quite delighted with it, and declared she could not have made it better herself. A book was then put into it, which Lucy could read ; and Maria told her, when she was sent for to the parlour, to bring the bag with her. This was an innocent little stratagem, and fortunately it had the desired effect.

When the bell was rung for the children after dinner, Lucy entered the parlour with the work-bag on her arm, and, with down-cast eyes, timidly advanced towards her mamma, who, immediately noticing the work-bag, asked who gave it to her.

“ Maria gave me the silk, and I made it.”

“ You !”

“ Yes, indeed, mamma : I made it to-day.”

“ Really !—What’s this in it ; a book ?”

“ Lucy keeps that for *shew* :” said her papa.

Upon this Lucy hung down her head, and could not speak, which Maria observing, said, “ You cannot think how well Lucy reads ; do let her read you that story : you will be quite surprised.”

“ I shall indeed !” said her papa. “ If she can read, I am willing to hear her :—come, Lucy, try what you can do.”

Lucy opened the book, and with rather a faltering voice, read, “ Charlotta, a Sequel to Maria, or the Ever-blooming Flower—”

“ Stop,” said her brother Henry, “ let us have the story before we have the sequel.”

“ Have any of you children the story of Maria ?” said Mr. Danville.

"No:" was the general answer.

"Then I am afraid, Henry, you must forego your wish, and we must have the sequel without the story."

"I remember reading the story when I was a little girl," said Mrs. Danville; "as it is not a very long one, I will relate it you, you will then understand Lucy's story better."

The children were all attention, and Mrs. Danville continued as follows:

## MARIA ;

OR, THE

*Ever-blooming Flower.*

“ **MANY** years since, in a country at a great distance from this, there lived a young lady, who was named Maria. She was an orphan, and a lady, who had been an intimate friend of her mother, kindly took upon herself the care of her education. One fine summer afternoon, Lady Amanda (the guardian of Maria) gave her permission to amuse herself in a neighbouring meadow with some young ladies. After diverting themselves for some time, they agreed to play at the Maid of the Ring, which I suppose was a favourite play with the young

ladies of that country. They were to choose the handsomest young lady in the company, to adorn her with flowers and a crown, and then to sing and dance round her; but, among so many beautiful young ladies, it was a difficult task to fix upon the most handsome. Many wished the choice to fall upon Maria; but she was too modest to think herself the most beautiful. After some deliberation, it was agreed that they should all throw their hats up into the air, with a flower fixed in each, and the lady whose hat went up the highest was to be the Beauty of the Ring.

The children then separated themselves, each to gather a flower according to her fancy; one took a wild anemone, another a rose, some took a blue-bell or a violet, others the lilly of the valley. A young lady, named Charlotta, who was very mischievous and proud, ran to a distance and gathered a large blue-bottle, and slyly twisted

the stalk round a pebble, which she contrived to fix in the ribbon of her hat, and thought herself certain of being chosen, as her hat being the heaviest was likely to go the highest. Maria went into a little wood to look for an eglantine, which was the flower she liked the best; she soon found a bush covered with bloom, and modestly chose the smallest flower she could find.—Charlotta found herself very much disappointed, for, when the hats were thrown up, a gentle zephyr took Maria's higher than all the rest, and she was accordingly declared the Beauty of the Ring. The young ladies then collected a quantity of flowers, which they wove into wreaths and a crown to adorn Maria; they then raised a small throne of turf, on which they placed her, and joining hands danced round her, singing songs in her praise. In the midst of their amusement they were interrupted by the appearance of an old woman, who was



entirely dressed in *green*; her hat was made of green straw, trimmed with ribbons of the same colour, her gown was green silk, and her shoes green sattin: she had a basket on her arm, which was filled with the most curious flowers. Seeing the children rather frightened, and some of them inclined to run away, “Do not be alarmed, my good children,” said she, “I will not hurt any of you; I like to see children amused and happy: I am a fairy, my name is Verduriana, and I have brought a basket of flowers to divide among you.”

The children now crowded round her. “I heard Maria sing a song of a flower that never fades,” continued the fairy; “I saw her gather the little eglantine in the wood, and, from the choice she made, I think her deserving of the present I shall make her.” “My dear,” said she, addressing herself to Maria, who heard her with surprise, “take this tree, on which there

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are four flowers and two buds; it is the flower that never fades, and I make you a present of it: cultivate it with care, but observe, my child, that it is not by watering it that you can preserve it. Look at this flower, it is called the flower of Modesty, and is of a fine vermilion tint; so long as the blush of innocence shall adorn your cheeks it will retain its beautiful colour. The second flower is of the purest white, it is the flower of Virtue: and the moment you fail in your duty it will appear soiled and dirty. The third is of a brilliant yellow, or gold colour, and is called the flower of Beneficence; if you are always good it will be always beautiful. The fourth is of a fine cerulean blue; it is the flower of Gentleness: should you ever lose your temper, or give way to anger, this lovely flower will droop. This bud, now beginning to open, will produce the flower of the Mind, which will blow in proportion as you improve in

your various studies, and thus shew your progress. The other bud contains the flower of the Graces ; it will open without your thinking of it, and will give additional beauty to all the other flowers."

Maria took the tree, with a grateful courtesy, from the hands of the fairy, and entreated her to go home with her to Lady Amanda, who would prove the gratitude of them both for so valuable a gift.

" My dear child," replied Verduriana, " the way to shew your gratitude is by taking care of the present I make you. I will return in three years ; and if your tree is then in bloom it will continue so as long as you live, and even after your death it will not fade, but the blossoms will retain their beauty, and shew to succeeding ages the virtues of the amiable Maria."

The fairy then presented each of the young ladies with plants or sprigs, which she assured them would grow, and produce

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beautiful blossoms, if they were careful of their behaviour. Charlotta had not yet received any thing, for she had pushed forward in such a manner, and been so rude in wanting to touch the flowers, that the fairy had purposely made her wait till the last, and she now gave her a very small plant, with a single bud upon it. Charlotta pouted, and did not even thank her for it.

“If you are dissatisfied,” said Verduriana, “go and examine your *hat*, that will explain why you have only a single bud.”

Charlotta made no reply, but sauntered away to a distance. Verduriana then left the young ladies, and they returned home, impatient to relate the adventure, and to shew the flowers they had received. It is said that the young ladies behaved so well that all their flowers opened, except Charlotta's; and the story adds, that she bore such a bad character, that *no one ever undertook to write her history.*

“ With respect to Maria, she was as good a girl as Charlotta was a naughty one. The flowers every day seemed to increase in beauty, but the flower of the Mind was the most surprising of them all; it daily increased in size, and was continually throwing out fresh leaves, disclosing sometimes beautiful drawings, at others patterns for embroidery, and many curious things which I cannot recollect. Not that Maria was entirely free from fault; for the story relates, that one day, hearing a noise in the street, she opened the window to see what occasioned it, and saw a poor old woman, who was very much deformed, and a great many boys laughing and hooting at her. Maria was naturally good-natured and humane, and how it happened that she could now so forget herself I cannot pretend to say; but certain it is that she was highly amused, and laughed heartily at the fruitless endeavours of the poor woman to escape from

the boys, who even had the barbarity to set a dog at her. After the crowd was passed, Maria returned to her work, and soon after went to look at her tree; but what was her grief and astonishment at finding it almost dead; and the flower of Modesty drooped so that she feared it would fall off. She carried it instantly to Lady Amanda.

“What can I have done?” said she, weeping, “look at my tree, it is dying; and look at this bud!”

“It is in a sad state indeed;—can you think of nothing that you have done?”

“Nothing at all: I have learned all my lessons, I have practised my music, and I have done my work.”

“If you should live to grow old, and have the misfortune to become deformed, you will have no objection to be laughed at I presume?”

“Oh! Lady Amanda, I know my fault.”

“The poor woman who so lately excited

your mirth was born to better expectations. Her parents were rich, and she was an only child; she was straight, handsome, and considered tall for her age. When she was about seven years old she had the misfortune of being thrown out of a carriage, and her back was so much hurt that it has grown out as you see. She was for a long time so ill that she was not expected to live, and in consequence of the fall she became crooked, her growth was stopped, and she is now very little taller than she was at the time the accident happened; her parents died before she had completed her twelfth year, and she was left to the care of guardians, who were wicked enough to deprive her of almost all her property. Her life has been passed in struggling with ill health and poverty, and now, when tottering on the brink of the grave, she must endure the laughter and ridicule of unfeeling children."

Maria wept till she sobbed. "Oh, Lady Amanda!" said she, "pray send somebody to save her from the boys; and let me give her all my money, and you must punish me for being so naughty."

"No:" replied Lady Amanda, "you are so thoroughly sensible of your fault that I shall not punish you. I have sent Thomas to bring the poor woman here; you may give her your money, and you ought to apologise for your rudeness."

Thomas at this instant entered with the poor woman, who was so much terrified that she could hardly speak. Maria placed a chair for her, and on her knees entreated her forgiveness. This the poor woman instantly granted, and Maria, wrapping her money in a piece of writing paper, begged her to accept it to buy tea with.

"You shall not in future be exposed to such treatment," said Lady Amanda. "I have a room to spare, which shall be your's,



and henceforward look upon my house as your home."

The poor woman expressed her gratitude with tears of joy. Maria was delighted at this arrangement, and was no less pleased than surprised at seeing her tree recovered.

"Why did the flower of Modesty droop?" said she to Lady Amanda; "had I offended it?"

"Most certainly you had. Can a young lady be called *modest* who will open a window to gaze into the street, and join in the laughter of rude and vulgar boys?"

Maria was convinced of all the impropriety of her behaviour, and ever after was so careful of her conduct, that her tree was never known to droop for a single minute, but presented the pure emblem of her own innocent mind.

You may suppose that Maria, possessing so valuable a flower, and cultivating it with the care that she did, became the most ac-

complished young lady of the age in which she lived; and the story relates, that when she was grown up, many princes wished to marry her, but Lady Amanda advised her to have one who had been presented with a tree similar to her own, by the same fairy, which he had taken such good care of that all the buds had opened. This was a great recommendation with Maria, and she accordingly gave her hand to this amiable prince. She could not however prevail upon herself to leave her native country, without paying a visit to the wood where she had received her inestimable tree. It was now exactly three years since it had been given her; and she hoped to find Verduriana in the wood, that she might thank her for her kindness. Maria then put the tree very carefully into a basket, and went to the wood; but what was her surprise to find Lady Amanda there, whom she had left at home.

“ I am the person you are seeking, my

dear Maria," said she; "it was I who three years ago gave you that tree, and it is I who have assisted you in cultivating it. You have not known, my dear child, that Lady Amanda and the Fairy Verduriana is the same persons."

She then threw off her outer garment, and Maria saw that it was indeed Verduriana. They then returned to the town, where the Prince was waiting, and wondering what was become of Maria. The carriages were drawn up, and every thing was ready for their departure. They entreated Lady Amanda to accompany them.

"No, my dear children, I cannot accompany you," said she; "I shall often come and see you: but this is my habitation."

The Prince and Maria embraced her tenderly; then, ascending their carriage, they were soon conveyed to their own kingdom, where they lived long and happy."

“What a pretty story!” said the children.

“It is indeed a very pretty story,” replied Mr. Danville, “and we are greatly obliged to your mamma for her kindness in relating it. Now, Lucy, let us hear you read the sequel.”

## CHARLOTTA.

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YOU may remember that Charlotta had only one bud given to her: it was the bud of Good-Nature, for she generally was good-natured to her little playfellows, and when she had fruit would share it with them, and lend them her toys; otherwise she was of a bad disposition, being proud, passionate, indolent, and not unfrequently telling falsehoods. She took the bud home, much displeased that she had not had a tree given her like Maria, without considering that she was not as good. Her parents were very much pleased when they saw it, and advised her always to be good-natured, that it might open; but Charlotta was so

angry at not having a tree, that she went to bed in a very ill temper. The next morning, when she looked at her bud, she found that it had drooped. Instead of being *sorry*, she felt *angry*, and when she went to school pouted, and was so idle, that her governess was obliged to punish her, and would not let her go home till she had begged her pardon.

After this Charlotta was more careful, and behaved so well for some time that the bud looked quite beautiful; it grew larger every day, and was of a lovely pink colour. Charlotta was very glad to see it look so well, and was so proud of it, that when any visitors came to her mamma she always shewed it to them.

It happened one day at school that Charlotta had permission to go into the garden, where she amused herself in a very vulgar manner by throwing stones. Such kind of play is very improper either for young la-

dies or gentleman, and in general is the cause of some accident, which was the case now ; for, as Charlotta was trying to throw a stone to the top of the house, she threw it against a window, and broke it. She was very much frightened, for she expected to be punished, more for throwing stones than for breaking the window ; for had it been done accidentally, she would have been excused. As no one had seen her do it, she wickedly determined to deny having done it, should she be asked. She then went up stairs, took her seat on the form, and worked very diligently. Soon after a young lady, named Sophia, had leave to go into the garden. Charlotta, under pretence of looking for something, went to the window, and when she saw Sophia in the garden, exclaimed, " Sophia has thrown a large stone, and I heard some glass break." The governess on this looked out. Sophia seeing her, thought that she was wanted,

and ran into the house as fast as she could. As soon as she came into the school-room she was accused of having thrown a stone, which she denied.

“Miss,” said Charlotta, “how can you say that you did not? I saw you do it, and I heard some glass jingle; I dare say that you have broke a window.”

“Indeed,” said Sophia to her governess, “I have not thrown a stone, and there is no window broke.”

“If there is no window broken,” replied the governess, “I shall believe you; but if there is, I certainly shall punish you severely.”

She then left the room, and in a few minutes returned, having discovered that the window of her own bed-room was broken, and the stone had fallen on the bed.

“Shameless child!” she exclaimed as she came into the room, “you are not only disobedient, but wicked; you have not



merely, against my express orders, thrown a stone, but to hide your fault have told a falsehood. Had you made a candid confession, I might have forgiven you; but as it is, you shall suffer the most disgraceful punishment."

Poor Sophia was so surprised and grieved that she could not speak. A large fool's-cap with asses ears was put upon her head, a rod put into her hand, and a ticket with *Story-Teller* on it, hung round her neck; she was then obliged to stand on a form, and to go without her dinner.

Though this was a very severe punishment, yet Sophia was more grieved that her governess thought her so naughty, than at what she suffered. Several times during the day she was asked if she would confess having broke the window; but, as she had not done it, she would not say that she had.

At length the evening came, and the go-

verness was so angry with Sophia, for what she thought was obstinacy, that she sent a letter home with her to her mamma, informing her of what had happened, and that if Sophia did not choose to confess her fault publicly, before all the scholars, she would be disgracefully dismissed from the school.

Sophia on her knees protested to her mamma that she had not thrown a stone, and did not know how the window was broke. Her mamma believed her, for she had never known her tell an untruth; and Sophia was dismissed from school in great disgrace, but with the consolation of knowing that she was innocent.

When Charlotta went home, the first thing that she did was to look at her bud; but how great was her mortification when she found it look almost dead! Scarcely a shade of pink remained, and it drooped its head, as if weeping for her faults. Charlotta shed

tears at the sight; but they were not tears of repentance, or the bud would have revived,—they were tears of anger and vexation. The next morning, when she looked at it, not the smallest sign of life remained; it laid along on the flower-pot, every shade of pink was gone, and its colour now was a dirty yellow. Charlotta was in such a passion at seeing it, as she thought it was completely dead, that she put it into a dark room, among some lumber, and determined never to look at it again.

It was not long after this, that the parents of both Charlotta and Sophia died: but the fate of these two young ladies was very different. By some sad misfortunes which had happened in the family, Sophia's parents died very poor; her other relations were at a great distance, and she knew not where to write to them, to inform them of her distress, for she had nobody now to take care of her, and was not yet ten years of

age; but she had always been kind to servants and poor people, and her kindness was remembered and returned, by a woman who had formerly been a servant in the family. She was married to a cottager, and had several children; they were very poor, and worked hard for a living; but as Sophia had always been a good child, they took her to their cottage, and let her live with them, as one of their own children. Here she learned to knit and to spin, generally arose between four and five o'clock in the morning, and worked till quite late at night.

Charlotta was taken home by a lady, who had been an intimate friend of her mamma's; and as she had no child of her own, she adopted Charlotta as her daughter. She now lived in a handsome house, had servants to wait on her, and a carriage to ride in; she wore the most beautiful dresses, and had every wish and every whim of her heart indulged.

It happened one evening, that Lindora (the protectress of Charlotta) was gone out, and Charlotta was sitting by the parlour window, eating her supper, which consisted of currant tart, strawberries and cream, and a large piece of plumb-cake. While she was thus engaged, poor Sophia passed the window ; she had not tasted any thing but a little brown bread and some milk all the day, and seeing Charlotta with such a plentiful supper before her, the poor child ventured to ask her for a little piece of tart or cake.

“ No, indeed,” said Charlotta, “ I want it myself.”

“ Oh !” said Sophia, “ you do not know how hungry I am. Dear Charlotta, do give me a little bit.”

“ Get away,” replied Charlotta. “ I shall not give my victuals to beggars ;—so you may go about your business.”

Saying this, she shut the window, and

Sophia went away, the tears trickling down her cheeks, which she tried to conceal by holding up her coarse brown pin-cloth.

When Charlotta had quite finished her supper, she went to amuse herself in her play-room, and there she observed that the bud of Good Nature, which had been given her by the Fairy, had been brought with her play-things to the house of the Lady Lindora: it now appeared entirely dead, and she placed it in the window, intending to tell her maid to throw it away.

The Lady Lindora did not return that night, but arrived the next morning while Charlotta was at breakfast.

“Your whole conduct is known to me:” said she, sternly addressing her as she entered the room, “your wicked and deceitful behaviour at school I am acquainted with, and your inhuman treatment last evening of the poor orphan, whom, by your base falsehoods, you had caused to be

publicly disgraced, I am also acquainted with. The bud of Good Nature, given you by Verduriana, is withered away : you have not a single good quality remaining ; but your bad ones are so many, that I can no longer let you continue in my house. Go, unhappy child :—go, and try to excite in the bosom of others a compassion which your's has been incapable of feeling.”

At this dreadful sentence Charlotta burst into tears ; and, falling at the feet of the Lady Lindora, entreated to be forgiven, making many promises of future good behaviour ;—but they were disregarded, and she was obliged to leave the house.

Charlotta was now in as wretched a state as Sophia, or even worse. She spent the whole day in going from the house of one acquaintance to another, telling them of her misfortunes, and entreating them to take care of her ; but they all refused.

“ No,” said they : “ you cannot suppose

that we shall receive you. You have always been proud, obstinate, and indolent. It is your bad behaviour which has caused the Lady Lindora to dismiss you. We shall not trouble ourselves with a child of your description. Go to some person to whom you have shewn kindness, and work for your living as poor Sophia does."

This was the general answer that Charlotta received; and as it was drawing towards evening, she began to fear that she should be obliged to pass the night in the fields.

At a little distance from the town was the cottage where Sophia lived, who was sitting at the door, eating her supper of bread and milk. Charlotta had not tasted any thing since the morning, and was very hungry; but felt ashamed of asking any thing from a child whom she had treated so ill. She did not know where to go for the night, and stood weeping at some dis-



tance. Sophia did not know the cause of her distress ; but, as she was a good-natured child, she went to her, and enquired why she was in tears.

Charlotta related all her misfortunes, and entreated Sophia to forgive the ill-treatment which she had received from her. She acknowledged having thrown the stone and invented the falsehood to save herself from punishment.

Sophia wept at the relation, and though she had been greatly injured by the now-penitent Charlotta, yet she sincerely forgave her, and was very sorry for her distress.

“ Come with me to the cottage,” said she, “ perhaps Mrs. Thomson will take you in. She is very kind, and perhaps she may. Come, and don’t cry so.”

The two children then went to the cottage, and Sophia told Mrs. Thomson of Charlotta’s reverse of fortune. Mrs. Thom-

son pitied her, but said, that it was not in her power to afford her any relief, not only on account of her poverty, which was very great; but that she did not believe her husband would allow her to do so.

“For this night only,” said she, “I shall venture to receive you,—to-morrow you must find some other residence.”

Charlotta was very glad at being sheltered for the night, and sate down with great thankfulness to a little supper of bread and milk, which Mrs. Thomson gave her. Before she went to bed, Mr. Thomson came home, and was very angry at finding her there. His wife told him of the misfortunes which had happened to her, and her present destitute situation. “Very well;” replied Mr. Thomson, “she deserves it all. She was always a proud, wicked girl;—she never had any pity for the distress of others, and now distress is come upon herself; I hope it will be a

useful lesson to her. She may stay here for this night; and as soon as the morning dawns she must be gone, or I shall set the dog at her."

Charlotta, trembling and shrinking from the angry countenance of Mr. Thomson, went with Sophia to her little bed, which consisted of some straw, and only one blanket;—there both the children passed the night. Charlotta was so afraid of the dog, that she scarcely slept a minute, but kept laying awake, watching for morning; at last the first tints of light appeared, and she began to rise as fast as she could.

"Stop," said Sophia, who was just awake, "I'll ask Mrs. Thomson for my breakfast—you shall have some of it."

Then putting on her clothes, she went and asked for her breakfast, that she might divide it with Charlotta. Mrs. Thomson gave her two pieces of bread, and some milk in a pan. Sophia was quite rejoiced

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at having such a liberal supply, and ran with it to Charlotta, who drank some of the milk, and took one piece of bread in her hand, and then, after kissing Sophia, and thanking her for her kindness, she left the cottage, not knowing where to go. After walking for several miles, she came to the borders of an extensive forest. Having never been as far as this before, she was afraid of entering; but it being now mid-day, and the sun shining extremely hot, she ventured in to screen herself from the heat, and being very tired, she sate down at the foot of a large tree to rest herself, and to reflect on her situation. Here she soon fell into a sound sleep, which continued for some hours.

When Charlotta awoke, she had forgot the direction by which she entered the forest; and instead of turning back to go out of it, she penetrated further in, till she was completely lost and bewildered; and,

to increase her distress, night was fast coming on. She now reflected seriously on her past ill-conduct, and shed many tears ; for she was convinced that had it not been for her bad behaviour, she should still have been under the protection of the Lady Lindora.

Often while thus wandering and weeping, she would exclaim, " Oh that I had been good ! Oh if somebody would take care of me, I would never be so naughty again." But her tears and exclamations were all in vain ; for no one heard her. It was now nearly dark, and she began to hear the growlings of wild beasts : this was more dreadful than any thing she had yet suffered ; for no habitation was near, nor durst she any longer seek for one ; for the noise increased, and as fast as she was able she scrambled up into a tree, to save herself from being devoured. She had not been up many minutes, when a large lion, and

two young ones, came to the foot of the tree, roaring in such a terrible manner, that the forest quite echoed with the noise. Charlotta trembled every limb ; for though she knew that the lions could not climb up into the tree, yet they leaped against it with such violence, that they shook it ; and she was afraid lest she should lose her hold, and fall down among them, in which case she would inevitably be torn to pieces. At length, after a very dreadful night, the morning dawned, and the lions left the tree, and retired to their dens.

As soon as the sun was risen high, and shone bright, Charlotta ventured down from her uncomfortable station in the tree, and tried to satisfy her hunger with the berries which she found on the bushes ; for she had not had any thing to eat since the morning before, when she had part of Sophia's breakfast. All this day was spent, as the preceding one had been, in wandering

about, and trying to get out of the forest. Night was again approaching, and Charlotta was afraid that she should be obliged to spend another night in a tree, though she was so faint for want of food that she would scarcely have had strength to have climbed one; but observing that the trees did not grow so thick together as they did in the part of the forest which she had passed through, she continued walking forward till she left the forest behind her, and entered on a wide and barren common. Here she looked about for a habitation, but it was so dark that she could not see any. The wind blew in hollow gusts, the clouds gathered black and thick over the sky, and the rain began to fall in torrents. Poor Charlotta was so faint and tired, that she could not walk any further, and sate down on the ground, thinking that if the wild beasts did not come to devour her, the storm would kill her.

While sitting here, she thought that she heard some one advancing, and looking up, saw a very tall woman driving sheep before her. The woman, seeing Charlotta, came up to her, and shaking her in a very rough manner by the shoulder, asked her who she was, and what she did on her grounds.

“ I am a poor destitute child,” said Charlotta, “ and have no one to take care of me.”

“ How happens that ?” returned the woman. “ Good children generally have somebody to take care of them. I suppose, if the truth was known, that you have been very naughty. Answer me truly ; don’t attempt to deceive me ; have you been good, or have you been naughty ?”

“ Oh ! I have been very naughty indeed,” sobbed Charlotta, sinking on her knees, “ but, if any body would take care of me, I would never never behave so again. Pray



don't leave me," continued she, seeing the woman turn as if to go away, "if you leave me here, I shall die before morning."

"If you choose to be a servant, and to take care of my sheep," said the woman, turning back, "you may come with me, but you will have to work very hard, for I cannot afford to keep any body in idleness."

"I will do any thing that I can," said Charlotta, "only take me from here, for I am almost dead with cold and hunger."

"Well then," returned the woman, "you may come with me; but remember, that should you ever dare to dispute my orders, or refuse to obey me, you will immediately be turned out to all the misery and danger you have just escaped from."

Charlotta in silence followed the woman to a very large farm-house, which they entered. The woman (whose name was

Merjee) then conducted her to the kitchen, and told her to sit down on a stool, which was at a great distance from the fire, where the farmer, his children, and some of the servants, were sitting warming themselves.

“Who have you here?” said the farmer.

“It is some girl who has behaved so ill that she has been turned out of doors,” replied Merjee; “I found her on the common almost dead, and, as we want somebody to take care of the sheep, I have brought her home; she promises to behave well, and to do as we bid her.”

“Well, well!” returned the farmer, “we’ll give her a trial; but if she is idle or saucy, she shall not stay here.”

“So I have told her,” replied Merjee; who by this time had cut a large slice of brown bread and some cheese, which, with a little milk, she gave to Charlotta for her supper.

The farmer's children, during this conversation, had examined Charlotta with the greatest attention, and indeed her appearance was such as might have excited the gaze of curiosity from better-bred children than the farmer's were. Her fine muslin frock was torn to shreds by the bushes; she had lost her hat; her face, neck, and arms were covered with scratches, which she had received in forcing her way through the underwood, and her white sattin shoes were covered with dirt, and so torn, that she scarcely could keep them on her feet.

The farmer himself observed her deplorable condition, and said, "Such fine things as these won't do to keep sheep in."

"No," replied Merjee: "I shall look her out a good woollen gown and petticoat, and a pair of strong shoes, and black worsted stockings, and a cap, for I don't like to see servants with bare heads; but we must

let her go to bed now, for she seems tired to death."

She then conducted Charlotta to a little closet by the side of the kitchen, where there was some straw laid on the ground, and an old blanket. "That is where you are to sleep," said Merjee, and then left her. Rejoiced at being rescued from the forest and the storm, Charlotta said her prayers, and then, wrapping the blanket round her, she laid down upon the straw, and was soon fast asleep.

Early the next morning, before it was light, the dairy-maid came to wake Charlotta, and brought her some cloaths, which Merjee had left out for her, and which were made so differently to any that she had been accustomed to wear, that she did not know how to put them on, and beside, she had always been used to have a maid to assist her in dressing.

Kitty, the dairy-maid, was greatly amused at Charlotta's difficulties. "You'll make a mighty good servant," said she; "*Missis* must keep a maid to dress you, I suppose."

Charlotta very humbly begged her assistance and instruction, which Kitty in no good-natured manner granted, still continuing to ridicule her.

"Well, it's a great thing to be brought up a fine lady, and after all to come to be a servant, and not know how to dress ourselves: and I suppose you don't know how to milk neither."

"No:" replied Charlotta, "I never was taught."

"I thought so," returned the girl, "and a fine trouble I shall have to teach you: however, come along, you are dressed now. Do you think you can put your cloaths on yourself to-morrow?"

Charlotta thought that she could, and

they then proceeded to the cow-house, where, being seated on a low stool, close to the hind legs of one of the cows (which she expected every minute to kick her), Charlotta received her first lesson in milking from Kitty, who scolded her the whole time. The milking being over they went to the dairy, where the milk, after being strained through a fine sieve, was set in broad shallow pans, that the cream might rise for making butter with.

It was by this time six o'clock. "I suppose you'll have no objection to having your breakfast now?" said Kitty. "Come, you must make haste, we are very late this morning; stopping to dress you, hindered me a full half-hour."

She then gave Charlotta her breakfast of milk and bread; then, taking a small basket off a shelf, put into it a slice of bread, some cheese, and a little mug.

"Here is your dinner in this basket,"

said she; "and if you want any thing to drink, you must dip water out of some of the brooks with the mug. Can you knit?"

"No."

"Not knit! why you won't be worth the water you'll drink. I can't stop to shew you now; you must be gone with the sheep, and I must *larn* you to knit in an evening."

The sheep were then brought out of the fold, and Charlotta, after receiving directions where to take them, and at what time to return in the evening, set out, driving the flock before her.

It was the beginning of October, and though the middle of the day was generally fine and warm, the mornings and evenings were very cold. Charlotta wrapped a cloth cloke (which Merjee had left out for her) close round her, and, pulling her black felt hat a little more over her face, went for-

ward, following the dog, which served as a guide. The sun was beginning to rise, and presented Charlotta with a spectacle which she had never before seen. The dark clouds of the preceding night were now tinged with the richest colours, in which various shades of purple and pink predominated, which gradually blended with a fine gold colour; and now too, for the first time, she observed that beautifully-fine cobweb made by the *Gossamer Spider*, which in fine mornings in the autumn may be seen extending for miles, covering whole fields, and hanging in festoons from one bush to another, its fine threads being loaded with dew drops, which sparkle like diamonds, from the brilliance of the morning sun.

Charlotta gazed around in admiration; every thing appeared cheerful, and, though she could have wept at her former naughtiness, yet she rejoiced that she was no longer



a wanderer, and determined by the best behaviour to merit the protection of the farmer and his wife.

The wild and uncultivated place in which Charlotta was, appeared to be a common of an immense size; it was nearly surrounded by lofty and distant hills, and, where the country was more level, was skirted by the terrible forest through which she had passed. It seemed a place shut out from the rest of the world; no habitation could she discover except the farm-house, round which were a few cultivated fields.

The grass being tolerably good where they now were, the sheep began nibbling it, the dog laid down to rest himself, and Charlotta sate down upon a piece of rock, which arose out of the ground. "Three days ago," said she to herself, "I was happy in the presence of the Lady Lindora; but I did not deserve her kindness, and I have lost it: I was proud of the

fine cloaths I wore, and now how I am dressed : I was obstinate, and now I must bear the ill-temper of a girl, who three days ago would have curtseyed to me : I was indolent, and now I must work for my living. Well," continued she, wiping away the tears, " I deserve it all; for if I had not been so naughty, I should still have been with the Lady Lindora."

Charlotta sate lost in thought, for she was quite old enough to make these reflections, as she completed her twelfth year on the day that she was dismissed from the house of the Lady Lindora.

After sitting for some time, Charlotta arose, and the dog still serving as her guide, she drove the sheep to another place, where the grass seemed better. About noon she dined, dipping some water out of a little rivulet which she had found, at which the sheep also slaked their thirst. While she was eating her dinner, a little robin came

hopping near her, to which she threw some crumbs. At first it seemed afraid, but soon gaining courage, it came and picked them up, and then began singing. "Poor Bob," said she, "as you are so sociable, I shall always make this my dining-place; you shall never want a few crumbs."

When it began to grow dark, Charlotta returned home with the sheep; but when arrived at the farm, there was no kind countenance to give an affectionate welcome: the sheep were to be penned in the fold, a quantity of milk-pans were to be washed and scalded, then she had to sit down with Kitty to learn to knit, though her fingers were so cold that she could hardly hold the needles. Kitty struck her several times for her awkwardness. "I deserve it all," thought she, while she scarcely could restrain the tears that frequently came into her eyes. At length she had her sup-

per given to her, and was allowed to go to bed.

The next morning was a repetition of the preceding one, with this difference that Charlotta could dress herself, and succeeded so much better in milking, that she had taken her breakfast and set out with the sheep before the clock struck six. The morning was very cold, but she walked pretty fast, and soon got warm. She took pains to find out the best places for the sheep to feed in. At noon she dined at the same place where she did the day before, and was again visited by the little robin, which was become quite familiar; at the same time in the evening she returned home, and had the same duties to perform; but this second time she found them much easier to do than at the first. Thus passed away days, and weeks, and months. It was now the depth of winter, the trees had lost

their leaves, the brooks and rivulets were frequently frozen over, and the ground was often so covered with snow, that it was with difficulty the sheep could get a little grass, though Charlotta would assist them by scraping away the snow with her crook.

One day, when she was just beginning her dinner, she saw a poor decrepid-looking old woman coming towards her. This was the first time, during four months, that Charlotta had seen any human being, excepting those who composed the farmer's family, and she gazed on this poor woman (who seemed scarcely able to walk) with anxiety and pity. The woman advanced slowly towards her.—“My pretty maid,” said she, “let me sit down here to rest myself, for I am very tired, and very cold, and *very hungry*.”

These last words were said in so low a tone of voice, that if Charlotta had not

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been close to her she could not have heard them.

“Do sit down,” said she; “I can do nothing to warm you; but if you will accept of this bread and cheese, it is quite at your service.”

“You are very good,” said the woman, taking the proffered refreshment, which she began eating as if she had fasted for a long time, “I have come all through that great forest, and am almost famished.”

“I was once in it,” said Charlotta; “it’s a dreadful place.”

“It is so,” replied the woman.

Charlotta wished very much to know where she was going, but as she knew that it is extremely rude to ask people questions, such as *where are they going to? where did they come from?* or *any thing concerning their private affairs*, she continued silent.

The woman having ate the bread and

cheese, asked Charlotta if she could give her a little water. This Charlotta had some difficulty in doing, for the rivulet was frozen over, and she could hardly break a hole in the ice sufficiently large to admit the mug; but, having obtained it, she presented it, with one of her best curtsies, to the old woman.

“Thank you a thousand times, my good child,” said she, as she returned the mug; “you have been very kind to me, and I hope that you will be rewarded for it.”

Charlotta smiled: to be called *good* was a pleasing sound to her ears, and in the present instance she knew that she was not obtaining praise through any act of deceit, which formerly she was sometimes wicked enough to do.

The old woman now departed, and Charlotta stood watching her till she was quite out of sight; she then amused the time by assisting the sheep to get at the grass, and

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in walking about as fast as she could, to keep herself warm.

When Charlotta returned home in the evening, and had put up the sheep and washed the milk-pans, she went as usual into the kitchen.

“Come to the fire,” said the farmer, in a good-natured tone; “come and warm yourself. Poor girl! she seems almost frozen.”

“Aye, she does,” replied Merjee: “you shall have a bason of broth, Lotty, and that will warm you.”

Charlotta almost fancied herself in a dream: to be spoken to so kindly was something new, and she was to have warm broth for her supper, instead of a little cold milk. “How happy I am that I gave my dinner to the poor woman,” thought she.

After she had supped, and was going to bed, “Stay,” said Merjee, “here is ano-



ther blanket for you; I think you must be cold in the night."

Charlotta took it with great thankfulness. "I am indeed rewarded," said she to herself, after she was in bed; "Oh! why was I ever naughty?"

The next day Charlotta anxiously watched for the appearance of the old woman, but she did not come. She went several miles nearer to the mountains, in hopes of meeting with her, but she neither saw her nor any one else; and, after wandering about for a long time, she returned to the usual place with the sheep, fatigued and disappointed.

The winter passed away without Charlotta again seeing the old woman, or any person but those of the family; and the spring returned, extending its gentle influence through all Nature. Each season of the year has its peculiar pleasures, and spring has its full share. The ground which

was hard and frozen, and refused to receive the plough, is now softened, and yields to the exertions of man; the limpid stream, no longer bound in icy fetters, pursues its course; myriads of insects, which, during the winter, were in a state of torpor, now spring to life; the gardens bloom, and every hill and field seems to exult; various birds delight us with their wild notes; and all Nature rejoices. Such are the charms of spring.

As the warm weather advanced Charlotta found her employment more agreeable; she took great pleasure in tracing the little rivulets to their source, which was generally in some retired shady place, overhung by willows, and sometimes from chasms in rocks; at other times she would make collections of the wild flowers which grew over the common, and, weaving them into garlands, would adorn the sheep with them. She generally rose at four o'clock in the

morning, and staid out till nine in the evening. Thus passed away the spring and summer, and autumn again returned. The month of October came, the twelfth day of which completed a twelvemonth since she had been dismissed from the house of the Lady Lindora; and on this day, for the first time for several months, Charlotta could not forbear shedding tears. She sate down at the usual hour to dinner, but could not eat. It was lying by her untouched, and she was weeping, when, happening to look round, to her great surprize and joy, she saw the old woman at some distance; she now seemed as if she came from the mountains. Charlotta wiped her eyes, and, going to her, asked her to come and rest herself, and to take some refreshment; an offer which the poor woman gladly accepted. Charlotta, as before, paid her every attention, and the poor woman, when she

had dined, took her leave, with many expressions of gratitude. She now went towards the forest, which Charlotta saw her enter.

At night, when Charlotta returned home, Merjee informed her, that a lady dressed in *green* had been there, and left her two flower-pots. "They are in the dairy," continued Merjee, "and you may keep them there. One is a poor dead-looking thing, I don't think it will ever revive; and the other is the dismallest-looking plant I ever saw in my life. 'Tis almost black, and the water hangs from the leaves like drops of dew; and it is with the drops from its leaves that it must be watered, for it is called the Tree of Repentance, and is in such a state, that she said nothing else would revive it.

"Ah!" said Charlotta, while the tears trickled from her eyes, "nothing but the

tears of repentance can wash away my faults, and cause the Bud of Good-Nature again to bloom."

She hastened to the dairy, and there she beheld the little flower which she had treated so ill. She wept over it, and pressed it to her bosom. It was not quite dead, but it looked so languid that she feared it would not be in the power of the Tears of Repentance to restore it; she however carefully collected them, and moistened the mould round her little plant. After she retired to bed she could not sleep for some time, for thinking over the adventures of the day. Sometimes she thought that the old woman whom she had seen must be Verduriana; but that could not be, for Verduriana was not so old, and dressed in *green*; then, perhaps, if it was not Verduriana herself, it was some one who knew her; that she thought was very likely, and that Verduriana had been herself with the flower-

pots ; then of course that she was not forgotten, and she might again see the Lady Lindora. “ If I never was to go back again,” thought she to herself, “ I wish to see her, that I may obtain her forgiveness, and confess how wickedly I behaved about poor Sophia ; I would then stay here contentedly, and pass my life as a shepherdess.” With these thoughts she fell asleep.

The next morning Charlotta rose earlier than usual, that she might water her plant before she set out with the sheep. This was a duty she regularly performed every night and morning, during the following winter and summer ; she likewise omitted no opportunity that occurred of doing kind actions to every person and creature, and she had the satisfaction of seeing the bud considerably revive ; but there was a dark stain upon it, which neither the tears of repentance from her own eyes nor from the tree could remove. “ Ah !” would Charlotta say to her-

self, "I know what causes this dark stain: it is my deceit and cruelty to poor Sophia; it must be more than repentance to remove this: it must be reparation;" but how to make the reparation she knew not. Could she have seen the Lady Lindora for a single half-hour, she would have confessed all her faults; but she might never see her again.

The month of October was now fast approaching; it would then be a twelvemonth since she had seen the old woman. She might perhaps come again, "and if she does," thought Charlotta, "I'll ask her if she knows the Lady Lindora; if she does I'll send a message to her, and confess all my faults."

October came—the twelfth day arrived—Charlotta felt herself very much agitated. The whole morning she kept watching for the old woman—at noon she took her seat at the usual dining place. "I shall eat no

dinner to-day," said she to herself, "I deserve to fast; it is a small punishment for my faults. Oh! Lady Lindora, if you knew how much I repent, you would forgive me."

The afternoon passed away without any appearance of the old woman; the sun was declining in the west, and Charlotta was losing all hope, when, to her inexpressible joy, she saw her emerge from the forest. What happiness!—she ran to meet her, and intreated her to take some refreshment.—The old woman seemed very tired, and walked extremely slow: Charlotta lent her arm to assist her in walking. When arrived at the place, Charlotta spread her little store before her, and pressed her to eat; she wished to ask her if she knew the Lady Lindora, but felt afraid, and sate silent and thoughtful.

"How long have you been a shepherdess?" said the old woman.



"It will be two years in three days," replied Charlotta.

"Where did you live before?"

At this question Charlotta blushed deeply, and burst into tears: the old woman looked at her with great earnestness.

"I will confess all my faults," said Charlotta; "and if you know the Lady Lindora, perhaps you will intercede with her to forgive me."

Charlotta then related all her history, without concealing any thing. When she ceased, the old woman said, "I must say that you have been a very naughty child; but you have made such a candid confession of your faults, that you may depend upon my best services with the Lady Lindora, though at the same time I think it would be better for you to go yourself than merely to send a message."

"I would gladly go," replied Charlotta,

“but I am afraid of asking Merjee ; and I do not know the way through the forest.”

“I will conduct you through the forest, and if you are afraid of asking Merjee to let you go, I will ask her for you. When you go home I'll go with you, and trust to her generosity for giving me a bed to-night.”

When they went home Charlotta felt at a loss how to introduce a stranger, for she feared that Merjee might be angry with her for bringing her home ; but the old woman relieved her from her embarrassment, by relating the cause of her coming, and asking permission for Charlotta to return to Rose-land for two days, that she might make all the reparation in her power for her past faults, by confessing them. This request Merjee willingly complied with, and the next morning, at an early hour, the old woman and Charlotta set off on their journey.

As they entered the forest Charlotta could not help shuddering; but her companion told her not to be afraid, for that she knew the road through very well, and that in about three hours they should enter on the high road to Roseland; and in about that time, to the no small pleasure of Charlotta, they had crossed the forest (where she had wandered for more than two days), and entered the road to Roseland. As they advanced Charlotta observed a great difference in the appearance of the country; instead of a wide common, with a few scattered cottages upon it, she beheld cultivated fields, some covered with sheep and cows, and others which appeared to have been lately reaped.

“How very different every thing looks since I left it, which is only two years since,” said Charlotta.

“Great changes may take place in two years,” returned the old woman.

They now walked on in silence for some time : Charlotta gazed around for the cottage where Sophia used to live, but she could not see it. There was a handsome farm-house on the spot where she thought the cottage had formerly stood. She now felt seriously uneasy ; should Sophia be dead, how miserable she should be !

“ Oh ! ” said she to the old woman, “ what is become of Sophia ? is she alive ? ”

“ She is alive, and you will see her to-day.”

Charlotta asked no more questions, for she was afraid of being troublesome to her companion, who seemed very much tired.

They entered the town.—How did Charlotta’s heart beat ! Every minute she met somebody that she knew, but no one seemed to know her ; they looked at her indeed, but it was only to gaze at her strange dress and appearance.

Arrived at the Lady Lindora’s, the old

woman (who did not seem to be a stranger in the house) conducted Charlotta to the very parlour where she had behaved so ill to Sophia. "Stay here," said she, "while I let the Lady Lindora know that you are come."

Charlotta now experienced some of the most uneasy minutes that she had ever felt in her life; she wished to see the Lady Lindora, that she might implore her forgiveness, but she dreaded her reproaches. Her suspense did not last long; the door opened, and the Lady Lindora entered, elegant and majestic. Charlotta sunk on the ground before her.

"Oh! forgive me," she said; "say you pardon me, and I will return and pass the rest of my life as a shepherdess without a murmur."

"Rise!" said the Lady Lindora: "Before you can obtain my forgiveness, you must make a public acknowledgment of

your behaviour;—you must go to the school, and there, before all the scholars, you must confess the base falsehood you told of poor Sophia. Can you submit to this, or is it too great a humiliation?”

“Oh! no:” said Charlotta, “it cannot be too great a humiliation. I have long wished to repair as much as possible the injury I did to Sophia.”

“If that is the case,” said the Lady Lindora, “you may follow me.”

They then went to the school, where the young ladies could not forbear gazing with surprise at the uncouth figure of Charlotta, whom they did not in the least recollect.

The Governess received the Lady Lindora with the greatest respect, though she could not imagine what had occasioned her the honour of the visit.

“I have brought this child,” said the Lady Lindora, “whom, it seems, none of you remember, that she may acknowledge her

deceit and falsehood. This girl is Charlotta, through whose means you disgraced and dismissed from your school the best child you had in it : but from her own mouth you must hear the account. Charlotta speak."

Charlotta then, with a faltering voice, often interrupted by her tears, related the story of throwing the stone, and concealing it by inventing a falsehood ; her cruel behaviour to Sophia afterwards, and several faults which she had committed while at school, and concealed by deceit. The Governess listened in astonishment. Surprise and indignation were painted in the countenances of the young ladies, who were only prevented from expressing their feelings in words, by respect for their Governess and the Lady Lindora.

When Charlotta ceased speaking, " I appointed Sophia to be here ;" said the Lady Lindora, " I hope she is come." A door

was instantly thrown open, and Sophia entered; but she was no longer the poor Sophia, dressed in the coarse garb of poverty. She now appeared in a dress of the finest muslin; a Persian sash, deeply fringed with silver, was tied round her waist; her fine hair was gracefully fastened up with a comb, richly ornamented with jewels; and she altogether looked so beautiful, that Charlotta was lost in wonder, and could scarcely think it possible that this could be the child whom she had treated so ill. Sophia recollected her in an instant, ran to her, and threw her arms round her neck.

“My dear Charlotta,” said she, “how glad I am to see you. I have often thought of you.”

“Can you forgive me?” said Charlotta, weeping.

“Oh! yes. You know I have long forgiven you. My dear, dear Charlotta, don’t cry so.”



“ Now ladies,” said the Lady Lindora, looking round the room, “ you have heard Charlotta confess her faults ; but you have not heard her relate her sufferings. You all know that I expelled her from my house. After being for two days and a night in the Black Forest, she was taken by a farmer who lives in Wildland, to take care of his sheep : there she has been for these two years, exposed to the heats of the summer and the storms of winter ; she has been obliged to rise early, and to go to bed late ; she has been the lowest of the farmer’s servants ; her food has been bread and cheese, with a little milk in the morning and at night ;— her dress you see. The cause of her coming here at present was to confess her faults, which she has done, and now she only thinks of going back, and passing the rest of her life as a shepherdess. Is there (I wish to know) one young lady present, who can

refuse to forgive and to pity this penitent child?"

"Oh no!" said they all at once, while the tears glistened in their eyes, "We all forgive her, and we all pity her. Poor Charlotta!"

Her Governess could not forbear shedding tears, while she pronounced her pardon. "And I," said the Lady Lindora, "freely forgive you; and once more receive you as my daughter."

At this pardon, and unexpected restoration to favour, Charlotta was so overcome with joy, that she fainted at the feet of the Lady Lindora. The young ladies rose from their seats instantly; some ran for water, others fanned her, and they seemed to strive which should shew her the most kindness. She was soon recovered; and the Lady Lindora, telling her to sit down, again addressed the Governess.

“As you and your pupils have been witnesses of the humiliation of Charlotta, you will, I hope, oblige me by coming this afternoon to a little fête, which I shall give on the occasion of her restoration to favour. As I wish her former ill conduct to be entirely forgotten, I shall request the favour of each of you to take a glass of the Water of Oblivion. Sophia and Charlotta will be exempted. Sophia has long since forgiven, and nearly forgotten the injuries she received,—and for Charlotta, a little remembrance may not be improper.”

The Governess cheerfully accepted the invitation, and Charlotta and the Lady Lindora returned home. Then it was that the Lady Lindora informed Charlotta that Sophia's uncle had returned from Peru with immense riches, and had taken her home to live with him.

“Honest Thomson is well rewarded,” continued the Lady Lindora, “for Don

Raymondo has bought a great quantity of the waste ground near the town, and made him a present of it, with a sum of money to stock his farm : so Thomson is now a great farmer, and has built himself a handsome farm-house where his cottage formerly stood, and thinks himself amply repaid for his kindness to Sophia."

Charlotta heard this account with a great deal of pleasure ; for she sincerely loved Sophia, and had not forgot the kindness she had received from her. She now asked if she might see the old woman, who had been so kind as to bring her to Roseland.

" Yes, you may see her," said the Lady Landora, " she is an old friend of your's : it is Verduriana."

" Astonishing !" said Charlotta.

The Lady Lindora conducted her to another room, where Verduriana was sitting at a table ;—Charlotta approached her with hesitation.

"Come, my dear child," said Verduriana, "all faults are now forgotten; for, I feel very well convinced that you will never repeat them."

"Oh! no: never, I hope!" said Charlotta.

Verduriana now took off her cloak and bonnet, and a large wrapping gown, which had entirely concealed her figure, and Charlotta saw that it was indeed Verduriana, in a dress of her favourite colour, green.

"Now," said Charlotta, "I only wish to take my leave of Merjee, and to have my flower, and then I shall be quite happy."

"You are a good girl for thinking of that;" said the Lady Lindora, "I like you to be grateful, and to-morrow we'll go together in the car.—Merjee will be glad to see you."

"And your flower is here!" said Verduriana, presenting it to her.

Charlotta was in raptures at the sight of her flower. No dark shades now obscured

its beauty ; it was of the most brilliant colours, and exhaled a delightful perfume.

“ From this little flower, if properly cultivated,” said Verduriana, “ will spring many beautiful flowers,—Gentleness, Civility, Kindness, Courtesy, Politeness, and Benevolence ; the two last are the most beautiful and scarce flowers in the world. Some people are possessed of large shewy flowers, which they call by these names but they are only weeds, and are good for nothing ; the genuine ones can only spring from the plant of Good Nature, while the others frequently have the roots of Malice and Hatred. The flower of Benevolence is of the purest white, and most delicious fragrance, but the slightest neglect will cause it to droop, it will look soiled, and its fragrance will be gone ; but you will observe, that it is not by *watering* it, that you will bring this plant to perfection—it is by paying the strictest attention to your

conduct—never give way to passion or anger, do not be rude to any one, and never indulge yourself in criticising or laughing at people, for all these are inconsistent with Good Nature. I might mention several other common faults of young people, but as you are under the protection of the Lady Lindora, it is unnecessary, and I sincerely congratulate you on your being restored to her favour.”

After this conversation, Charlotta was dressed for the expected party. The young ladies came early, and the Lady Lindora presented each of them with a glass of the Water of Oblivion, which they had no sooner drank, than all Charlotta's faults were entirely forgotten. Fruit and cakes were then handed round.

In the evening they had a ball in the Lady Lindora's gardens, which were splendidly illuminated with coloured lamps, hung in various forms. So closed the entertain-

ment of the day, and the young ladies returned home, highly gratified with the entertainment they had received.

Charlotta ever after behaved so well that all the flowers opened. She has always lived in the most perfect friendship with Sophia, and they are esteemed to be the most happy and amiable people in Rose-land. They are admired and loved by every body.

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Lucy read this story very distinctly, taking care to mind the stops, and to place the emphasis upon the proper words, which pleased her papa so much, that he kissed her, and asked her if she had not some little favour to ask.

“If it is not too great a favour,” said Lucy, “I should be glad, when I go back to school, if I might learn like the other young ladies.”



Her papa and mamma, who were now convinced that she really wished to learn, granted her request with the greatest pleasure ; and Lucy had that evening the happiness of staying in the parlour as long as Maria.

The following week Lucy returned to school, and surprised the Governess and Teachers by the great progress she had made. The young ladies no longer ventured to call her Dunce, and before the next vacation she had taken her seat on the third form, and was now as remarkable for her diligence, as she had before been for her indolence.

When she went home at Christmas, she was received with the greatest kindness, and her parents were so much pleased with her attention, that at her return to school they gave permission for her to learn French, music, and drawing.

Lucy was now as happy as she had before been miserable. She made rapid progress in all her studies ; and when she left school, (which she did at the age of sixteen) she had five prize medals, for Italian, French, Music, Drawing, and Needle-work, beside several books, a silver pen, and some other little things, which she had gained as prizes ; but when grown up, and admired by every one for her accomplishments, she never forgot the kindness of her sister Maria, to whom she was indebted for the fortunate adventure of

## THE BLUE SILK WORK-BAG.

CHILDISH FEARS.

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“ WHAT is that thing upon the stair,  
That purs, and looks so fierce and grim?  
It is the cat, I do declare;  
And I’m afraid to go near him.

“ See how he yawns and wags his tail,  
O dear! he looks exceeding wild,”  
Maria said——then left the rail,  
And down she fell : poor little child.

Thus thoughtless children should take care,  
And not of trifles be afraid ;  
For what’s a cat upon the stair?  
It would not hurt a little maid.

SISTERS' QUARRELS.

---

How shocking it is, and unpleasant to see,  
When two little sisters can never agree ;  
But teasing each other, no one knows for  
what,

They snap and they snarl like a dog and a cat.

In time these ill humours of envy and strife  
Will fix into hatred, and last throughout life ;  
And that which embitter'd their juvenile  
years,

Will produce in maturity sorrow and tears.

Then strive to be good, and each other to  
please,

You'll find it more pleasant by far than to  
tease ;

Be kind to your playmates, be kind to each  
other,

Remember, one favour bestow'd, brings  
another.

POOR SHOES.

---

WHAT is it into corners thrown,  
Which no one seems to heed or own?  
Oh ! 'tis my shoes, which old are grown.  
Poor shoes !

Oh ! I remember well the day,  
When first I put you on so gay,  
I scarcely dar'd to walk or play.  
Poor shoes !

You then were glossy, red, and new,  
And pleas'd me when you came in view,  
As o'er the verdant lawn I flew.  
Poor shoes !

To church we oftentimes have been,  
 And oft we danc'd upon the green ;  
 But now no more you must be seen.

Poor shoes !

Through many a dull and rainy day,  
 'Through many a wet and miry way,  
 You kept me dry to school or play.

Poor shoes !

But now grown old, your beauty gone,  
 And worn, as 'twere, to skin and bone ;  
 I never more can put you on.

Poor shoes !

So now good-bye.—When old like you,  
 I may perhaps be useless too,  
 'Then friends may cast me off like you.

Poor shoes !

THE  
SABBATH MORNING.

---

OH ! I love the Sabbath-day,  
When the village bells we hear ;  
When the lads and lasses gay  
Cheerful, in their best appear.

Lightly tripping o'er the green,  
See them move with decent pace ;  
While in every face is seen  
Outward signs of inward grace.

Moving slow, the ancient pair,  
Totter, trembling as they go ;  
Hand-in-hand the children there  
Wind in long extended row.

Through the paths their fathers trod,  
Pleasant 'tis to see them there,  
Hasten to the house of God,  
Intent on piety and prayer.

Oh ! I love the Sabbath-day,  
Every labour then should cease ;  
Nature seems herself more gay,  
Religion leads to paths of peace.

THE END.



